

# Take Care of Her or I'll Kill You

by Mitzia

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Summary: On the day of they're wedding one year after defeating Corypheus, Evelyn and Blackwall are both nervous wrecks. The ever wise mage Dorian has words of advice to the both of them on this special day. Warning! Post-Inquisition! Contains minor spoilers!

## Take Care of Her or I'll Kill You

"Oh, would you stop squirming? I'm almost done!"

"Sera, I can't breath!"

"Hey magey! Make your fingers good for something and help me tie this thing!"

"My fingers are good for many things, but I'll leave that slide for today."

"I can't breath!"

"Hush darling and breath through it."

"I can't!"

"What is going on here?"

Cassandra stood by the railing of the staircase in Evelyn's quarters, gaping at the scene before her. Evelyn had her hands pressed against the wall, bent over with Dorian and Sera behind her pulling on the laces of her corset dress. Vivienne casually applied make-up to the Inquisitor's face and wiped away any sweat that formed by her hair.

Evelyn's eyes turned to the side and smiled lightly at the Seeker.

"H-Hey," she managed to breathe out.

"What are you people doing to her?!" Cassandra asked Sera and Dorian.

"What does it look like we're doing?" Sera asked, not even bothering to look at her.

"You're going to crush her insides!"

"Ah, there! All done!" Dorian sighed.

"Alright, stand up darling," Vivienne said. She pulled her hands back so the make-up was away from her dress. Evelyn struggled to straighten her back against the white material.

"We don't got all day!" Sera yelled.

"Did you have to make it so tight?" Evelyn yelled.

Dorian took one of her hands off the wall that was supporting her and brought his other hand down her spine and across her sides. A lime green light was emitted from his fingertips and Evelyn was able to straighten her back to stand properly. "A mage's touch does the trick every time. You should be fine for the rest of the day like that.

"Wonder how many times you did that to yourself," Sera spat.

"Of course you wouldn't understand," Dorian sighed.

"Children, please fight later. We can't have your presence being more of a nuisance than it already is," Vivienne sighed. She stood up and finished applying the blush to Evelyn's pale cheeks.

"Well, it looks like you're just about done. Cullen and Josephine are awaiting the signal to start in the throne room once you're ready," Cassandra announced.

Evelyn felt her heart pound. The full weight of the day hadn't hit her until that moment. She was finally getting married and not only that, she was getting married to Blackwall. She never thought she'd see the day that she'd marry with the Anchor etched into her hand and the seemingly endless fight with Corypheus. It had been one year since they won and finally closed the Breach for good. It seemed like a dream that Evelyn and her friends all survived and were in one piece. She spent the last year with them in the safety of Skyhold with the occasional outing to visit foreign powers. The Inquisition had a higher standing in the society of Thedas than it did when it was still in Haven.

Everything happened so quickly. She could still remember when Cassandra hated her guts, when Solas showed her how to use the Anchor, when they escaped from Haven with Roderick and Cole's help, when they entered the Fade, when they found the Temple of Mythal, when they came out alive.

None of these outcomes could be possible without Blackwall at her side. She knew from the moment he shielded her from the ambush in the Hinterlands during their meeting that he would be important to her.

His stoic personality with the kindhearted side drew her to him despite the many times he tried to back away from it all to keep them from hurting each other. Secretly, Blackwall was so happy she kept pursuing him because he was too scared to keep her and hurt her himself.

Even when she learned who he truly was, she still stayed by his side and that's all he could ever ask for in a partner. Evelyn showed him mercy and allowed him to stay when he was better off dead. He knew he would never find anyone like her and who could possibly be better than the leader of the Inquisition?

"Evelyn?"

Dorian put a hand on her shoulder, causing her to snap out of her thoughts. She smiled and put her hand on his. He returned the smirk and took her hand, kissing the pale knuckles. "You look marvelous. Any man would be lucky to have you," he said with a flirty wink.

"If that's a proposal, I'm afraid I'm already taken, Dorian," Evelyn retorted with a hug.

"Oh, and I was so prepared to whisk you away to Tevinter with me. Mother would get a kick out of that and finally stop sending me pictures of noblewomen's daughters," he said.

Evelyn pulled back from the hug and tapped his nose with her index finger. "Perhaps I should go with you then."

"Maybe someday, but not today. I don't think your husband-to-be would appreciate it," Dorian smirked. Vivienne and Sera packed up whatever they brought to beautify the Inquisitor and Cassandra helped carry the trunks down the staircase without disrupting their conversation. "Are you nervous?" Dorian asked.

"A little. I can't believe it's finally happening," Evelyn said with a shaky breath.

"You of all people have nothing to worry about. He should be the one worrying. He's going to have to keep his composure from seeing how stunning of a specimen you are."

Evelyn giggled and looked at the courtyard through her balcony. Servants and soldiers alike were rushing around trying to make everything perfect. From one corner, she could see a familiar scarecrow-like hat dash around the maids. She could hear Krem's authoritative voice hark out commands to the soldiers who were setting up chairs. "Everyone is so meticulous," she muttered.

"Of course they are. It's the least they can do for you since you saved the entire world after all."

"I suppose so."

"What's wrong? I know you too well to hide things from me." Dorian joined her on the balcony and leaned against the railing, staring at her saddening brown eyes. "Hey, no frowning. It'll give you wrinkles. That's what Mother said anyway. She would never leave me alone if I frowned at a party. Not good for your image, you see?"

"I'm just wondering how Blackwall is handling this now. I know weddings are nerve-wracking for the girl, but what of the guy, not to mention people still don't have much trust in him," Evelyn said with a sigh.

"You shouldn't care what others will think. This is your wedding. The only opinions that matter are the bride and groom's. If they have a problem with it, well, you have the authority to banish them."

"I'm not going to banish people for not liking my husband."

"It's just something to consider," Dorian shrugged. Evelyn seemed to smile slightly but she was obviously still worried. "I'll tell you what. You can stay here until you've calmed down and I'll go talk to Blackwall."

"Really?"

"Of course. I have some things to say to him before the big event anyway," he said, starting to walk back into the bedroom.

"What are you going to say?" Evelyn asked cautiously. The two never really got along, but they managed to tolerate each other at the very least for Evelyn's sake. She hated seeing her lover and her closest friend fight like cats and dogs.

"Nothing too terrible. I'm not that kind of Tevinter." Evelyn followed him into the room where Dorian kissed her on the forehead. "You're going to be fine, Evelyn. We're all here to make sure nothing goes wrong, so don't worry." Evelyn nodded and he left her quarters.

Dorian didn't have to go far to find Blackwall. He was suited up in surprisingly formal attire with Varric and Iron Bull in the main hall.

"Quite worrying, Hero. She's not going to say no," Varric sighed.

"If she does, I'll take her to my room until she can't wait to come back to you," Iron Bull said.

"I don't think that'd work, Tiny," Varric said.

"Ah, I can see why Evelyn was worried now," Dorian sighed. The three men turned their attention to the mage. Varric and Iron Bull smirked and patted Blackwall's back. His expression worsened at the mention of his bride.

"What is she worried about? She's not having second thoughts is she? Of course she would." Blackwall seemed to be in a trance, carrying a conversation with himself that was going south fast.

"Hey now, there's nothing worse than digging a hole that you can't fill. She's crazy about you and you damn well know it," Varric tried to comfort. Iron Bull decided it was best to stay quiet and let the word wizard talk him through it. He patted his back but the Qunari didn't know his own strength and sent Blackwall stumbling a few steps.

"You two are so helpful. Come to the library with me. I want to talk to you in private," Dorian said. Varric motioned for Blackwall to follow Dorian while he and Iron Bull went outside to help the Chargers prepare the altar.

Dorian led Blackwall up the stairs to his favorite spot in the library. It was like his own private area complete with a writing desk and trunk for items taht he would use while up here. Blackwall sat in the plush red chair while Dorian leaned against his desk, switching his gaze between the brooding groom and the crowd of people outside.

"There's so many people out there. That's to be expected of a grand wedding such as this. It's almost like the Winter Palace all over again. Hopefully there aren't any assassination plans going about," Dorian said. He knew full well that he wasn't saying anything of value, but the casualness of the conversation did ease Blackwall a bit. The two weren't all that close and often spat whenever they saw each other, so this was a nice and well-needed change.

"Maybe there'll be that dance again," Blackwall muttered. He smiled slightly at the memory of his and Evelyn's dance on the balcony at the Winter Palace. She looked so beautiful in the moonlight with her face flushed from the previous events and the slight blush from having that intimate moment with the love of her life.

Dorian looked down at Blackwall who seemed to be lost in his thoughts. He too remembered being at the Winter Palace and watching the two dance from afar. He could never forget the pure happiness that shown on Evelyn's face. He could recall too many times when he saw her almost die or be in comprimising situations. Seeing her so happy made him feel warm inside.

Evelyn was just as important to Dorian as she was to Blackwall. Evelyn did everything she could for all of her friends no matter who they were before they met, as shown with her mercy towards Blackwall after finding out who he truly was. Dorian had never met someone so compassionate and willing to stay by your side no matter what. She accepted him for who he truly was and never judged him once. Well, she judged him a lot, but it was all in good fun. Dorian does have a sense of humor despite the stereotypes that all Tevinter's are cruel and evil.

When she came to meet his father with her, Dorian knew that she was the most true friend he could ever ask for. He should have gone alone. It was his and only his problem and it had nothing to do with her. But, she insisted that they go together because she wouldn't let him face this alone.

Ever since then, he vowed to protect her with his life.

Dorian loved Evelyn, but it never went farther than familial love. They were more than friends, but not lovers. She was like a big sister even though he was older by two years. She never hesitated to stand up for him when he couldn't for himself.

Now, he has to send her off to the arms of Blackwall. Any blind person could see that they truly loved each other, so he wasn't worried about him lying about that (although he should since Blackwall was able to lie about his identity for so long).

"You know, Evelyn really does love you," Dorian finally spoke.

Blackwall looked up at him and smiled. "I know she does. I really do."

"She told me she was more worried about you than herself about the whole wedding thing."

"That does sound like her," Blackwall said.

Dorian rested a hand on Blackwall's shoulder as he did for Evelyn. "You know, I don't like you."

"Is that not obvious?"

"Oh hush, you lummo. Let me talk here." Blackwall raised his arms defensively but said nothing and let Dorian continue. "I don't like you, but I don't hate you either. You've been an important part in the Inquisition, you've saved my ass sometimes in battle, and you haven't stabbed us in the back yet. But most importantly, you make Evelyn happy."

Blackwall was taken aback by the compliments he was receiving. Dorian was a flatterer, but never to him.

"To be honest with you, that was the only thing keeping me from convincing her to leave you to rot in Val Royeaux. Everyone else wanted you dead but she wanted nothing more than to see you again even after you betrayed her." Blackwall looked down at himself with guilt from what he did a year ago. Even now, he couldn't believe nor deny his stupidity.

"She never spoke badly once of you. She had full reason to and everyone was prepared to listen to her and comfort her. She never cracked, not once. Can you believe that?"

"I shouldn't but I can."

"Do you know why that is?"

Blackwall looked at the mage with furrowed eyebrows. "Where are you going with this?"

"I believe the word I'm looking for is that you two are soulmates. No matter what happens to either of you, you always find your way back to each other. Evelyn truly is something else and it's your job to protect her and make her happy."

"I don't know if I can really do that," Blackwall said.

"I'm sure you can because if you don't take care of her," a smirk formed underneath Dorian's groomed mustache, "I'll kill you."

Blackwall looked up at the smirking Tevinter. His last sentence was menacing but it was said malace-free. He knew full well the mage was serious about this though. It was no secret that Dorian openly cared about the Inquisitor.

"Evelyn's happiness is just as important to me as it is to you, so don't screw up. I'm counting on you."

Dorian patted Blackwall's shoulder once more and walked towards the door. Blackwall's eyes followed the swagger in his steps before Dorian turned over his shoulder.

"Are you just going to sit there all day? Don't you have a girl to tie down?" Dorian asked tauntingly.

Blackwall chuckled at his attempt to lighten the mood and followed him down the stairs to the throne room. Evelyn stood there in his gown, looking more composed than before. Blackwall was paralyzed at the sight of her and Evelyn's cheeks grew red. Dorian laughed through his nose and pushed Blackwall towards Evelyn. "Come on, don't be shy. You two look like blushing virgins," he said.

"Dorian!" Evelyn yelped.

Dorian put Evelyn's hand in Blackwall's. "Go on, you two. There's nothing to fear anymore," he said.

The couple looked into each other's eyes and smiled. Dorian smiled as well at the display and the two began walking to the courtyard hand in hand.

Dorian leaned against the doorway, watching the two from a distance like he had at the Winter Palace. "Cherish this moment, you two. Be happy."

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><p><strong>Author's Note<strong>

\*\*My second Dragon Age fic and my first Inquisition fic! Blackwall was always my favorite romance but while I was actually playing, I romanced Blackwall and picked every romance option for Dorian, knowing full well he was male-only. To me, it felt like Dorian was more there for my Evelyn and had a really deep friendship with her. I was actually more impressed with their friendship than I was on Blackwall's romance (even though I watched it a million times on YouTube :P) So, this fic is to commemorate that feeling I had when playing the game. Hopefully, you all enjoyed this insight into Dorian's feelings for a female Inquisitor/Trevelyan!\*\*

\*\*Until next time, sayonara~!\*\*

End  
file.